

VOL. LX. No. 1548.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 31, 1906.  
Copyright, 1906, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

*"What fools these mortals be!"*

# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



"LET ME SIT HEAVY ON THY SOUL TOMORROW!"

—Richard III.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN  
Publishers and Proprietors  
245-249 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK  
No. 1548. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1906  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance

## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

IN THE event of Hughes' success, "HOW MOSQUITOES BRING UP THEIR YOUNG," will be Brisbane's leading editorial on the day after election.

BEFORE THE Grand Jury, Boss Murphy described himself, somewhat reluctantly, as "a speculator." And there is pretty fair evidence that this time he is on the wrong side of the market.

SAID THE old Tweed Court House in New York to the new State House at Harrisburg: "Shake, brother!"

MR. HEARST may reflect with some comfort that a man is not hopelessly bad simply because that spotless statesman, Pat McCarran, refuses to be for him.

THE OLD North Side cable in Chicago has finally passed away, and the trolley takes his place. But New York proudly wears horse-cars upon her zones.

WE SINCERELY hope that the size of paper money will be reduced, as suggested. Carrying around wads of blanket greenbacks gets our clothes all out of shape.

THE EMBLEM of the Scales goes to Hearst. But really the emblem of the Bull would have been more fitting. Or Aquarius; for he has been carrying water on both shoulders.

IT'S ABOUT time that Willie was getting measured for a halo, to wear in his role of "Our Martyred Candidate."

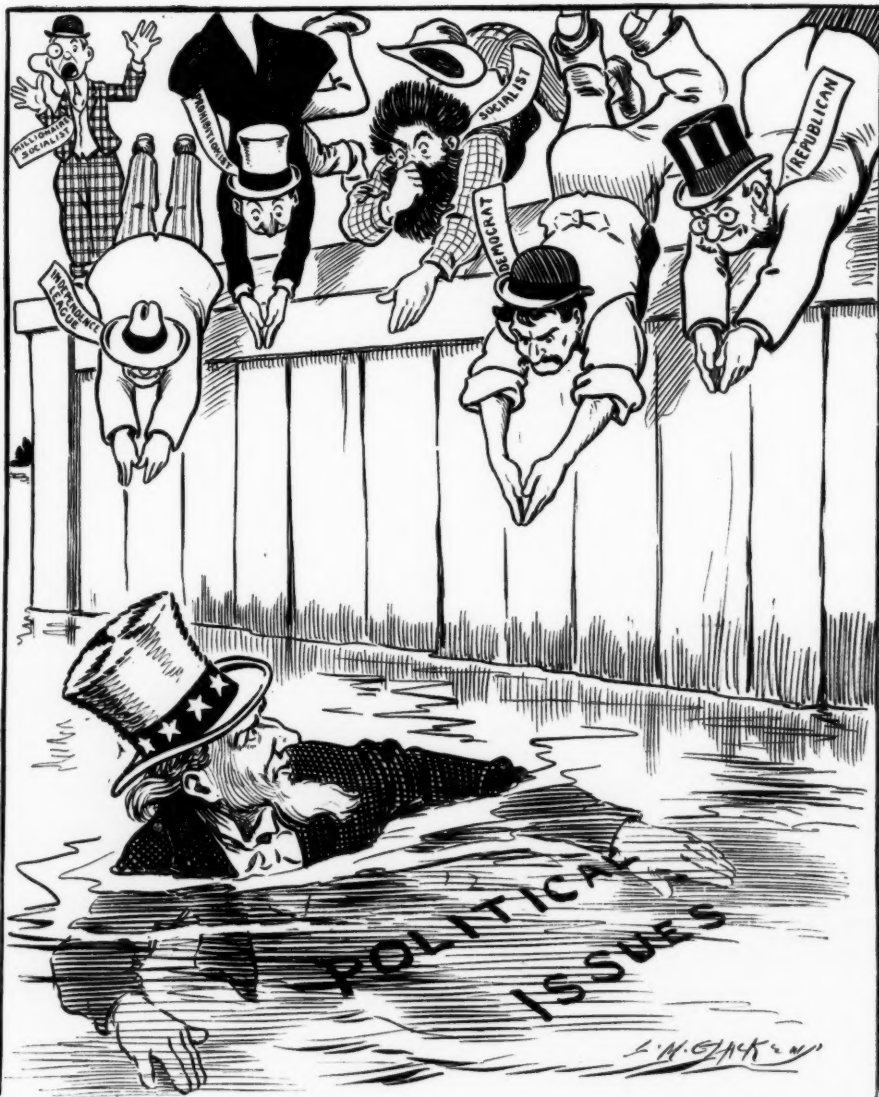
TWO STORKS, tagged "Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, U. S. A.," recently arrived per steamer from Hamburg. Their baggage was not examined by the customs officials, so nobody knows what they brought.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON says he knows nothing whatever of "a Greater Beef Trust." His visit to Chicago was purely social—probably with the idea of arranging an international yacht race on Bubbly Creek.

WHO IS to be the receiver for Hearst's political corporation?

CHIEF ENGINEER STEVENS reports that the blacks on the Isthmus, who are supposed to be immune from everything, are, on the contrary, subject to almost everything. Except a desire to work. The industry microbe has no show against either black or white corpuscles.

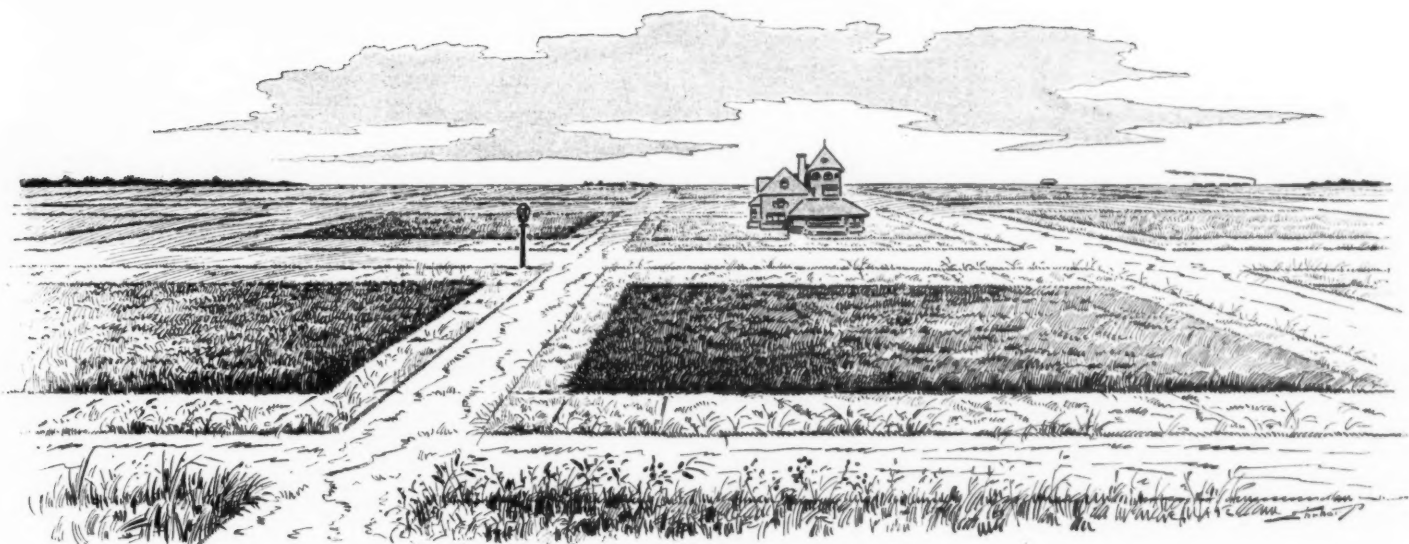
CHAIRMAN Woodruff, of the Republican State Committee, insists that national speakers—cabinet officers, in particular—should be kept out of state campaigns. Or, by way of illustration, an argument in favor of the tariff on Art would convince but few voters that Hughes was a better man than Hearst.



THE ANNUAL RESCUE SCENE.

CHORUS OF HEROES.—Courage! We will save you!  
YOUR UNCLE SAMUEL.—Save me! Why, gol dern it, I kin swim!





HE TOOK THE AGENT'S WORD FOR IT.

This gentleman's home at Urbanedge is "conveniently located to the \$40,000 Golf and Country Club, the \$50,000 Casino, the new \$70,000 Station and the \$100,000 Private Park for Urbanedge residents only."

AS SHE IS STILL WRITTEN.



AND WHEN, in our infinite reading,  
Will the maiden who "fondly sighed,"  
Make way with the "poor young lover,"  
Whose "hands were completely tied?"  
And while we are "picking and choosing,"  
We could spare the "hope that died,"  
Likewise the "smile that faded,"  
And "soul that was sorely tried."  
We could do very well without hearing  
Of conventions that "point with pride,"  
Of "long-lost brothers and fathers,"  
Who were "hunted far and wide;"  
Of hearts that are "weary  
with aching,"  
Of things that are "side by  
side."  
Of hair that is "light and wavy,"  
Of "lips that in agony cried;"  
Of eyes that "stared out in the darkness,"  
Of the "wondrously fair young bride;"  
Of "feet that refused to bear him,"  
Of "love forever denied;"  
Of tears that must "always be falling,"  
Of faith that "will ever abide;"  
Of heroines "sweet and winsome,"  
Of villains "boldly defied,"  
Of bodies that "sway with emotion,"  
Of cheeks that are "never dried;"  
Of mothers described as "doting,"  
Of sons who "seldom confide;"  
Of words that are "heated" and "hasty,"  
Of whispers "spoken aside;"  
Of movements "slow and feeble,"  
Of "manners" without the "guide,"  
Of thoughts that "remain unspoken,"  
Of blushes that always "hide."  
If more of this sort you would search for,  
It's "quickly and easily spied,"  
Simply reach for the latest "best seller"—  
And "see information inside."

Robert C. McElravy.

NOTICED 'EM LATELY?

THE FORCEFUL WRITER (*with a wink*).—Have you become converted to life insurance yet?  
THE STRENUOUS AUTHOR.—Not yet—but I've got three companies bidding!

IN TIME of peace prepare for war. In other words, keep the taxpayer in training for what he will have to go through in the event of hostilities.



SLIGHTLY TANGLED.

THE COW MOOSE (*petulantly*).—Why were you so long coming, dear? Didn't you hear my call?

THE BULL MOOSE.—My darling, I'd know your sweet voice among a thousand, but—e-r—you know those pesky hunters put up some mighty close imitations nowadays.

It is a joyful thing to live, and, in our age, not necessarily expensive. What a man can't sponge, or deadbeat, or steal, he can go through bankruptcy for, and still have energy to devote to the finer things.

**A** grafter is a man who beats us to it.

WHY HIRE AN EXPENSIVE ARTIST?

WE ARE PREPARED TO SUPPLY THE BOOK TRADE READY-MADE ILLUSTRATIONS GUARANTEED TO FIT ANY AND ALL SITUATIONS IN THE POPULAR NOVELS OF THE HOUR. A SAMPLE IS APPENDED.



"Going away? Oh, Denzil, you cannot mean it!"  
 "So glad you could come down for the shooting," she said, smilingly.  
 "Would you believe it, I missed the 9:03 train this morning."  
 "Good heavens, Geraldine! Do you realize what you are saying?" he cried, in horror.  
 "We are ruined, Blanche. The market has gone against me."

S-H-H-H-H!

**T**HE Registrar of the American University was escorting the distinguished French Scholar about the premises.

The two approached the Department of Foot-ball, located at no great distance from the University Campus. Anxious-eyed students were to be observed with their countenances glued conscientiously to knot-holes in the high board fence which surrounded the Department of Foot-ball. The gates were closed. Ever and anon one might hear from within hoarse cries, raucous exclamations, emphatic commands; sometimes the crash of impact sent a few stars into the air; these, rising above the board fence, were visible stars.

"It ees astronomy?" queried the scholar from France.

"No; no, indeed!" corrected the Registrar; "foot-ball practice!"

"Ah, ha! Ze game of zat you call feet-ball by ze starr-rlight? C'est——"

At this moment the learned gentleman from France was rudely interrupted by an hireling who ungently grasped the Registrar by the coat-collar: "Back from the gates! G'wan! Chase away! Fade! Can't yer see the team is havin' SECRET PRACTICE!"

Instantly the Registrar drew back, apologetic. The scholar from France thought deeply, as the two turned and fled abashed from the terrifying gaze of the angry gate-keeper.

"I do not un-dere-stand," he presently announced, "it ees pairfectly ree-markable zat ze man should himself so agitate because of ze starr-light in ze day-time——"

The Registrar's eyes were wide and fearful as he made answer: "But the team is having SECRET practice—it, huh——" Words here failed him; he gasped, and put his hand to his forehead.

The two walked in silence, the scholar from France tactfully forbearing to wound the American savant by further questioning.

They entered the gymnasium. They approached the music room. The sound of a score of voices rose in song.

"Ze Department of Music!" joyously exclaimed the French scholar. "Ah, ha!"

"The Glee Club," said the Registrar.

That very second a tall young man dashed forward: "Back!" he cried; "back! the Glee Club is having SECRET Practice to-day!"

"I beg pardon!" said the Registrar; "I was not aware——"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the youth; "the club is in training for the meet with Yale!"

Quickly the Registrar led his French friend away.

An awkward silence fell between them, as with stooping shoulders and hurried stride the two scholars traversed the middle campus and entered a long low brick building with granite underpinning and a lime-stone owl in the peak above the façade. The architecture of this structure suggested the renaissance, the reformation, the revolution and the Standard Oil school.

Hastily plunging into the depths, they were about to enter a dimly-lighted corridor when up rose a stalwart youth who barred approach. "You can't come in!" he cried. "The Chess team is having SECRET play for the series with Penn. and Harvard!"

Sadly, the Registrar led away his friend. With grim determination upon his brow, he now entered a dormitory.

"Ah, ha!" said the French Scholar cheerily, "zis is where ze students sleep—where zey live—I see a bed! Ah, ha!"

But even as he spoke, the door of this luxurious suite was unceremoniously slammed in their faces.

The proud and determined figure of a brawny youth stood guard at the door. "You can't go in!" he cried; "Bill is busy!"

"Busy?" queried the Registrar, hopelessly.

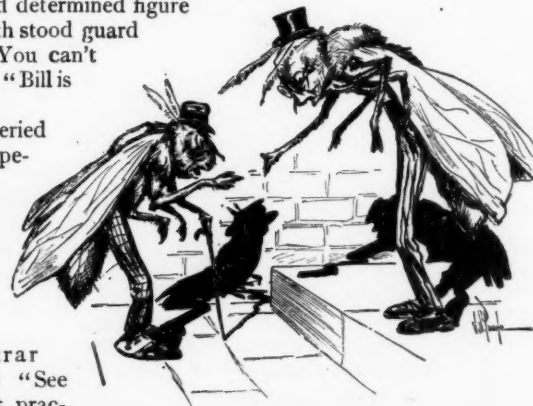
"Sure!" exclaimed Bill's room mate. "Sure! He's doin' SECRET practice!"

The Registrar bristled, angrily: "See here, what secret practice do you mean to tell me——"

"Hang it all! Bill's trainin' for an Exam! He's studyin'!"

The distinguished scholar from France most amiably smiled. "Ah, ha!" said he. "Zat ees grand!"

Fred Ladd.



SCANDALOUS.

MR. MOTH.—Glad to see you on your feet again, old man! What caused all the trouble?

HIS NEIGHBOR.—Why, I dined off a seemingly woolen overcoat and it turned out to be the worst kind of shoddy. I tell you the extent to which food adulteration is carried on nowadays is nothing short of criminal.

**T**he man who does not know his own limitations may be quite accurately posted about other people's.



HIS STATION — AND FOUR ACES.





LONG SINCE, when at first I began to  
Write verses to blondes and brun-  
ettes,  
I found it an excellent plan to  
Make poetry pay all my debts;  
The lyric I fashioned for Laura  
In language that fond lovers use,  
I sold, and thereafter I wore a  
Desired pair of shoes.

I'd sit with my pencil and nibble  
The end for an hour at a time,—  
A song then I'd send off to Sibyl,—  
A riot of rapturous rhyme;  
I hadn't a fear it would failor  
A doubt that it surely would sell.  
And furnish me funds for my tailor  
And hatter as well.

I cut every metrical caper,  
I caught every clever conceit;  
And promptly I put them on paper  
And spiced them with sentiment  
sweet;  
Myrtilla or Minnie or Mabel,  
No matter to whom they were sent,  
I sold them at last, and was able  
To pay as I went.

I wrote and I didn't expect to  
Be famous, and didn't much care,  
So long as my lines brought a check to  
My pocket, I couldn't despair.  
The girls are all married,—God bless  
them!  
Say "Love's Labors Lost" if you  
will:  
I still have the right to address them  
To settle a bill!

Julian Durand.

#### BELLES LETTERS.

"BUT, candidly now, have you what you may fairly call letters, in America. I mean, in the highest, broadest sense?"

"Letters? Wait till you see the headlines in our newspapers some day when there's been a real snappy murder or something."

#### THREE TIMES AND OUT.

J. CESAR doubtfully rubbed his chin between forefinger and thumb and mused:

"What'll I do about accepting that third offer of a crown? I'd like to know what Roosevelt would advise. Just as a pointer."

The noble Roman concluded to turn down the proposition and shortly afterward did not live to regret it.

#### WARNED.

THEY—the two—were sitting on the rustic seat in the yard. He had been wondering if he dared. Even the moon had begun to pay attention. Just then the young enamored edged up closer.

"Be careful, Mr. Jones," said the football girl. "I will have to penalize you three feet for holding."

UNFORTUNATELY there is no rosy future without thorns.

#### NOT IN HIS LINE.

LAWYER.—You should learn shorthand and typewriting, Billy.  
THE OFFICE BOY.—Aw g'wan! I never cared fer flowers an' candy!

#### THE TWO SIDES.

OLD BROTHER TREMBLY.—Yassah, I's gwine to git mar'd. Yo' see I's an old man now and I kain't 'spect to linger yuh much longer, and when de eend comes I wants to have some one to close muh eyes.

BROTHER BROWNBACK.—Dat's all right, sah. I 'plauds yo' zeal, but I dunnuh so much about yo' judgment. Dis yuh lady will be yo' fifth wife, won't she? Well-uh, I isn't had but two, muhse'f, but bofe o' dem done opened muh eyes—yassah, dey done opened 'em good and plenty!

#### GULF.

"THEY are distant relatives."

"Indeed! About how distant?"

"According to Bradstreet's latest, they are about ten million dollars removed."

A MINISTER of the gospel is in the embarrassing position of being expected to say a good deal more than any ordinary man can say without being either a plagiarist or a fool.

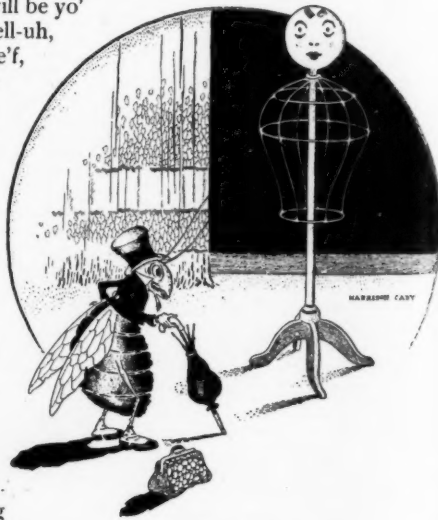
#### OPENWORK.

MR. BUZZBY.—Gee! I've heard a lot about peek-a-boo shirt-waists, but this is the first time I've seen one!



#### IN DOUBT.

SHADE OF LEAR.—Honest, old man, were you really mad?  
SHADE OF HAMLET.—Darned if I know! I never faced a jury.





# THE RECORDING ANGEL'S PROGRESS.



I.  
IN THE LABORIOUS STONE AGE.



II.  
ONLY RECENTLY DISCARDED.



III.  
IN THE HUSTLING PRESENT.

## October Observations.

### THE UNREGISTERED.



FIRST CITIZEN.  
THAT fellow Hearst's a crackerjack!  
He'll rip corruption up the back.  
He has the spunk, he has the "mon"  
To put the Hughes bunch on the  
run.  
He'll win out easy in the end,  
For he's the common people's  
friend.  
I'd like to vote for him, yes, sir!  
But—I forgot to register.

SECOND CITIZEN.  
Hughes is an ideal candidate;  
He'll sweep from end to end  
the state.  
As Governor he'll do no wrong;  
He's honest as the day is long.  
He's large of soul and big of brain,  
Calmly judicial, safe and  
sane.

I'd like to vote for him, yes, sir!  
But—I forgot to register.

THIRD CITIZEN.  
Hearst is a vain, self-boasting cuss,  
A both ends-bursting blunderbus.  
Hughes is an honest man, but he  
Will not molest the powers that be.  
Hearst's positively villainous;  
Hughes negatively virtuous;  
And neither of them I prefer.  
So—I forgot to register.

"Roorback," says Mr. Hearst, in reply to a statement by Murphy. Mr. Hearst ought to know. He is a roorback fancier. His Park Row kennels contain dozens of blue-ribbon roorbacks and roorback pups, whose barking may be heard above the rattle of the presses. Mr. Hearst's show of short-haired fakes is also the largest and completest in the world. It keeps Carvalho, his kennel manager, busy buying red ink for them.

Miss Krupp has not been considered a beauty, but she is a healthy, robust girl, with pleasant manners and simple and unpretentious tastes.

—Cable Dispatch.

By which it is meant, possibly, that the richest woman in Germany has an ample waist line, that her gentle limbs look as if they were put on upside down, and that she is fond of pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut.

Sir Alfred Mosely, of the visiting British educators remarks: "The one thing that has struck me here is the large amount of money that is expended in education." But not much of it is spent on teachers, Sir Alfred.

"Who was the original politician?" asks a *Sun* correspondent. Why, old man Noah. He controlled the floating vote.

ELECTION HINT!—At the hour of going to press the indications are that while Hearst may carry his composing room, he is almost certain to lose his editorial room, mailing room and art department.

When Mr. Cortelyou succeeds Mr. Shaw as Secretary of the Treasury, money will have a chance to hear itself talk.

B. L. T.



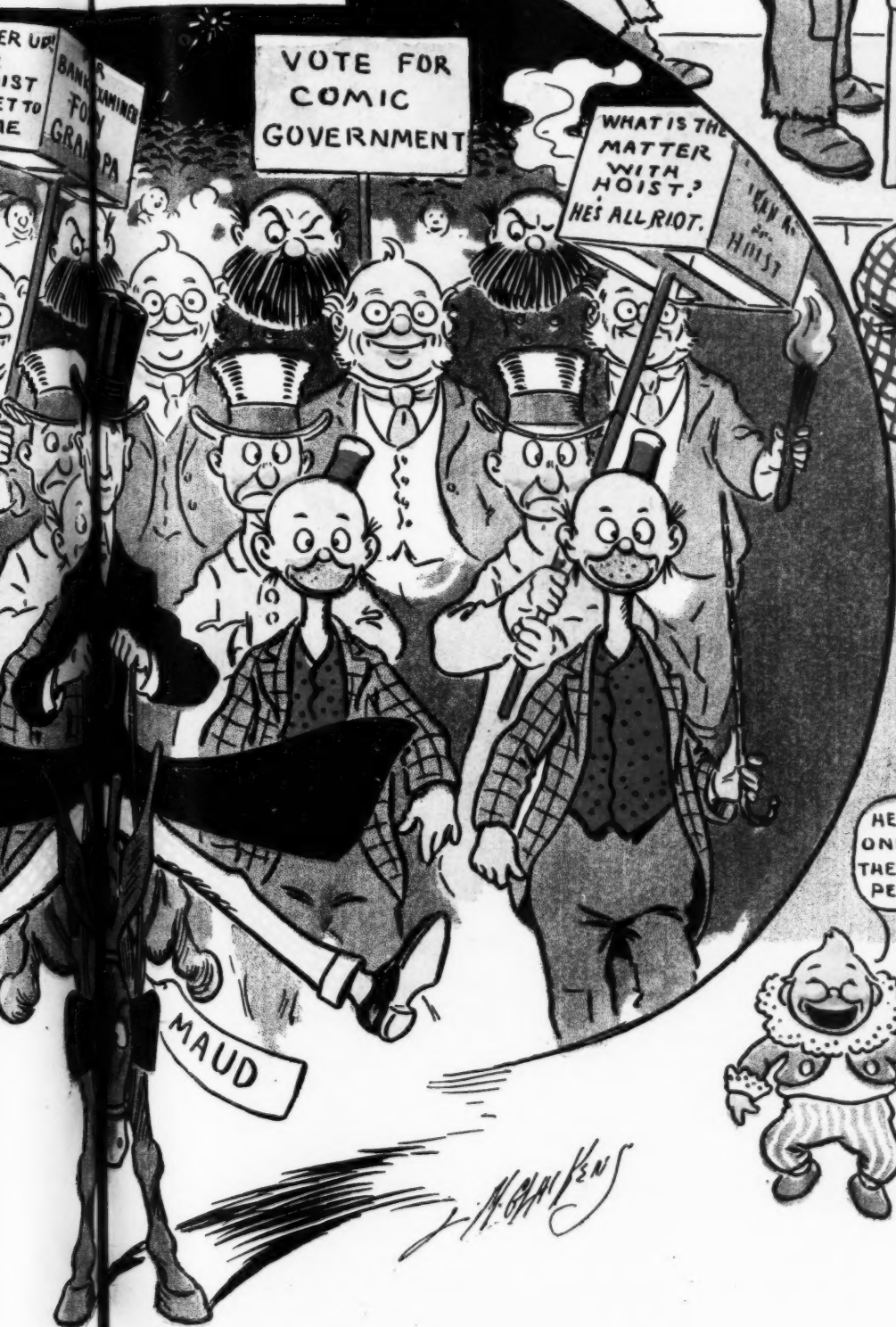
### SUBURBAN BRIBERY.

THE LOCAL BOSS.—Now, of course, Mr. Earlytrone, I wouldn't try to influence you for the world, but this lady is Delia McSlannigan and if you do vote right, Delia will go home with you and work for \$12 a month. Incidentally, she'll agree to stay a year, at least.

**The wolf comes often to the door disguised as a collector.**







# PUCK



STANDING PAT.



## GOVERNOR HEARST.

TIME, 1909, DAYTIME.—PLACE, NEW YORK. THE STATE CAPITOL HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM ALBANY TO PARK ROW. THE THRONE ROOM OF THE GOVERNOR OF, FOR AND BY THE PEOPLE IS A MODEST APARTMENT IN THE SEVERELY CHASTE TWENTY- EIGHT STORY STRUCTURE BUILT BY THE STAR PUBLISHING CORPORATION.

*The Throne Room is on the twenty-eight floor, but the elevator service is something grand. The rumble of the Presses is far away, and non-irritant. The Libel Department is in the sub-cellar and connects with New Jersey by tunnel.*

Willie Riot Hearst is seen seated on a hard-bottom chair not made by a Trust, in His Throne Room. He is passing his hand over his brow. By his side stands a devout attendant with whiskers of some pretensions, which one might guess represented a growth of about three years.

Willie's Sanctum is tastefully embellished with thirty-five or forty copies of the famous "Look Out, Murphy! It's a short Lockstep to Sing Sing" pictures. These, however, are all turned toward the wall, and one may guess their identity only by the number of daggers which have been driven through them.

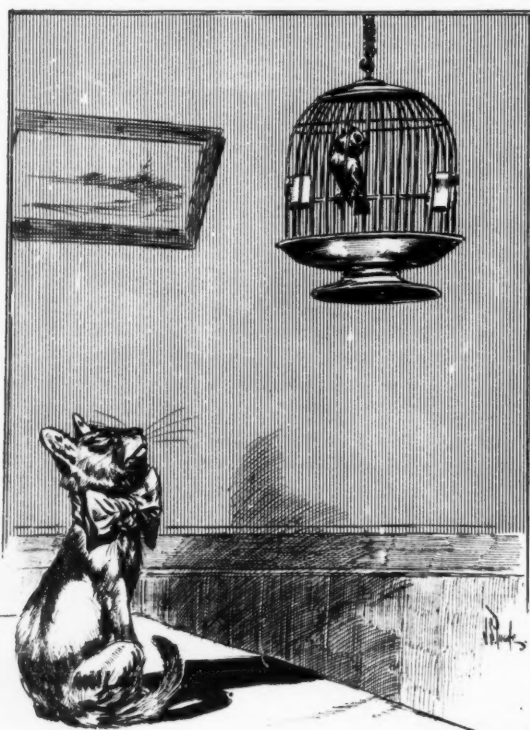
Governor Hearst ceases perusing a Monster Petition which has engaged his attention while the bewhiskered attendant has been surreptitiously taking a drink of yellowish fluid from a bottle of flat shape which he now hastily returns to his hip-pocket.

THE GOVERNOR.—The strain is something awful, Charlie.

THE BEWHISKERED ATTENDANT, CHARLIE.—It's a h—l of a strain.

THE GOVERNOR.—You see, since we put down and out the last Corporation in the State, the workingmen have become, as it were, unkind to their former employers; it's a time of clashing of workingmen's interests, too. Everybody is fighting for a job.

Governor Hearst unrolls the Monster Petition. It contains the names of a large number of former millionaires, who respectfully request jobs. The petition further avers that said petitioners are in need of protection by State Militia from the riotous assaults committed upon them by bodies of unemployed workingmen.



USEFUL.

THOMAS—Now, if someone would only invent a wireless bird-cage—

THE GOVERNOR (again passing hand wearily over brow).—Do you think they are on to us, Charlie?

CHARLIE.—Dead.

THE GOVERNOR.—Which, the workingmen or the—

CHARLIE.—G'wan wid ye! They're all workin' men now: they're all plain people.

THE GOVERNOR.—All but us, Charlie.

There is a period of deep thought. Suspense hovers in the atmosphere. Willie Riot Hearst passes his hand over his brow with such lightning-like rapidity that CHARLIE stays his hand, finally.

THE GOVERNOR.—We've got things into an awful fix with no corporations, no jobs, no peace on earth, no good will toward men, Charlie.

CHARLIE.—Tut, tut, Bill.

A shrill shriek is suddenly emitted from a speaking tube in the Throne Room, and Charlie Murphy (for the bewhiskered attendant is none other) dashes to answer it. Listening for a fearful moment, he staggers toward Willie Riot Hearst; his face is ghastly white, even beneath his whiskers: "We can't get out the *Evening Joinal!*" he hoarsely cries.

THE GOVERNOR.—Then may God save the State! Wha—what's the matter now?

CHARLIE.—The Hall Room Boys have struck for more Pay!

THE GOVERNOR.—All is Lost!

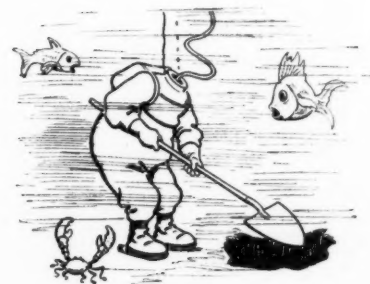
CHARLIE.—All, save Honor.

They fall into each other's arms and peacefully faint away. A rare and beatific smile is upon CHARLIE's bearded countenance, as he lies with his head upon THE GOVERNOR's arm, like a child that suddenly fell asleep at play.

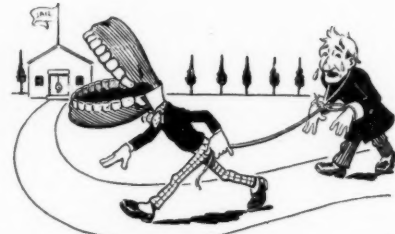
Fred Ladd.

## YELLOW JOURNAL HEADLINES.

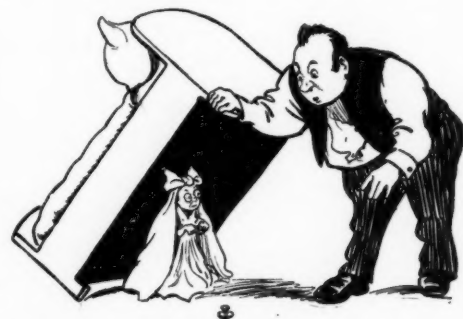
ILLUSTRATED.



DIVER DIGS MISSING HEAD.



FALSE TEETH LEAD THEIR LOSER TO JAIL.



HUNTS COLLAR BUTTON; DISCOVERS A BRIDE.



CARBOLIC ACID FOLLOWS RUM.

## A MODEL PLATFORM.

WE { Deplore,  
Restore,  
Adore,  
Want more.

FOR EVERY wrong there is a remedy; also a number of people who insist on trying something else.





WHAT'S IN A NAME.

SPRUCE JOSHEY (*who has come in for the circus*).—We'll stay right here, Maria, till thet thing plays a tune, even ef we miss all th' rest o' th' show.

Announcement Extraordinary!

IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for December, MR. LINCOLN STEFFENS, the greatest publicist of this or any other planet, will have another of his Cosmos-stirring articles. Mr. Peter Finley Dunne says of Mr. Steffens: "I regard STEFFENS as the greatest publicist in the Cosmos."

In this same great issue, MR. PETER FINLEY DUNNE, the incomparable humorist, will continue his world-splitting Dooley series. Mr. Lincoln Steffens says of Mr. Dunne: "I regard DUNNE as an incomparable humorist. He is an earthquake of fun."

MISS IDA TARBELL, the Human Lancet, again plunges her glittering blade into that monster boil, John D. Rockefeller. Mr. William Allen White says of Miss Tarbell: "MISS TARBELL is relentless as Fate. There is no escaping her."

MR. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the heaviest thinker on earth, contributes a timely paper on "What's the Matter With the Solar System?" Miss Tarbell says of Mr. White: "WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S thoughts weigh a ton apiece."

ALL FOR TEN CENTS! WORTH EIGHT DOLLARS!

At all Literary Delicatessen Shops.

HOW TO BE SELFISH.

TO CULTIVATE the right kind of selfishness requires something more than mediocre intelligence, for it is true of selfishness as of all other valuable things, that it may not be acquired without honest effort in the right direction.

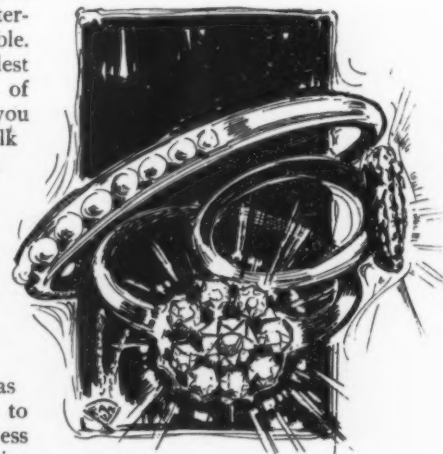
The right kind of selfishness consists in making others happy by ministering to our wants. In other words we must make up our minds what we most desire, and then we must contrive to get others to do it for us.

One of the things that we do not desire is to appear to be selfish. People who appear to be selfish are never popular, and unless we are truly popular, we may not expect to command others in ways that will contribute to our own selfishness.

It is presumable, that you sir, or your dear madam, are an ordinary person, with human traits. You like your ease. You are vain, and to be thought well of is a pleasure. You desire to be entertained, and to avoid the unpleasant. To accomplish these laudable ends, therefore, you will not insist that your friends flatter or entertain you or make you comfortable. This would be selfishness in its crudest form. Instead, you will give them of your own coin enough to buy you pleasure. You will listen to their talk that they may consider you learned because you never contradict them. They will keep you informed of the best that's going because your opinion of their taste is never anything but right; and when you need them most, by not letting them know it, they will always come to your aid.

Let us in brief, do unto others as we know they will then be obliged to do unto us. For the best selfishness consists in paying a reasonable price for the best article.

Tom Masson.



DEAR LITTLE THINGS!

**S**ome are born without character, some throw it off, and some get rich quick.



"When Crowns are Doed for Yachting Caps."

## El Principe de Gales

THIS superb cigar was introduced to the public sixty years ago, and named for the little heir to the British crown, then a baby. The baby has become the King of England. The brand has become

### "The King of Havana Cigars"

Its record is sixty years of unvarying excellence—sixty years of a high Standard steadfastly maintained through good years and bad. No other Havana cigar can be called its rival, either in leaf-quality or workmanship. No other has its distribution, its popularity, its variety in sizes or its sales.

A mild cigar, with the true, inimitable, Havana fragrance, made in more than 150 sizes, priced from 3-for-25c. to \$1 each. Sold everywhere.

Havana-American Company, New York, Tampa and Key West

## Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,  
see back label on every bottle;

That's All!



"GIRLS."

MR. NEWCOMB.—Really, Miss Grace, your face is very familiar, but I can't think who it is you resemble.

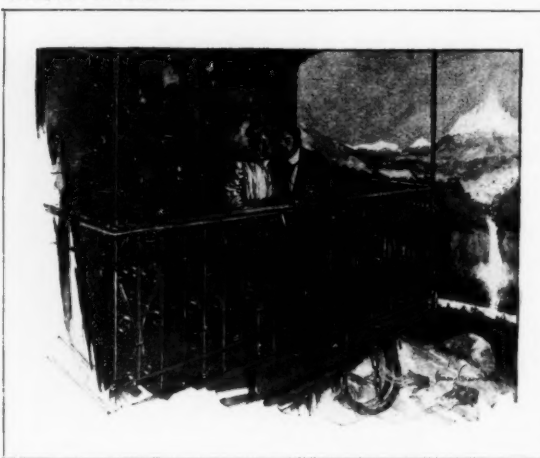
MISS GRACE.—No?

MR. NEWCOMB.—No; it's either the Scrubitt Tooth Wash Girl or the Tippler's Tonic Girl, one or the other.

With men of affairs, Abbott's Angostura Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. They are recommended by leading physicians. All druggists.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY KEPLER & SCHUBERT



THE OBSERVATION CAR.  
By Gordon H. Grant.

Photogravure in Sepia, 15 x 12 in.  
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

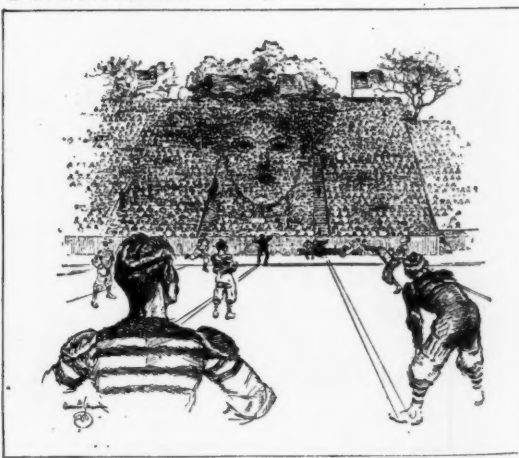
## PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures  
from PUCK

These are but two examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Sixty Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, New York  
295-309 Lafayette St.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY KEPLER & SCHUBERT



AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.  
By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.  
PRICE 25 CENTS.

SAN FRANCISCO — FOUR DAYS FROM NEW YORK OR BOSTON — By NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.



#### THE MAIN QUESTION.

The gallant ship was sinking.

"Jack," she murmured, as she clung closer to him, "do you think we shall be saved?"

"Of course we shall, darling," he replied manfully. "We shall be picked up by a passing vessel."

A look of horror crept over her features.

"Jack."

"Yes, dear."

"Do you think when we get on board that the passengers will notice the gap in my life preserver behind?"—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

It seems very romantic to a young engaged couple to think of living on bread and cheese and kisses after they are married, but people get tired of even bread and cheese in time.—*Somerville Journal*.



#### A FALSE ALARM.

THE FROG.—Say, but you gave me a start!

THE CRANE.—What did I do?

THE FROG.—Nothing; only I thought you were the Stork and I've got as many tadpoles as I can afford, now.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Fill the goblet again! for I never before  
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to  
its core.  
Let us drink! Who would not?  
Since through life's varied round,  
In the goblet alone no deception is found."  
Byron.

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.  
Phila. and New York

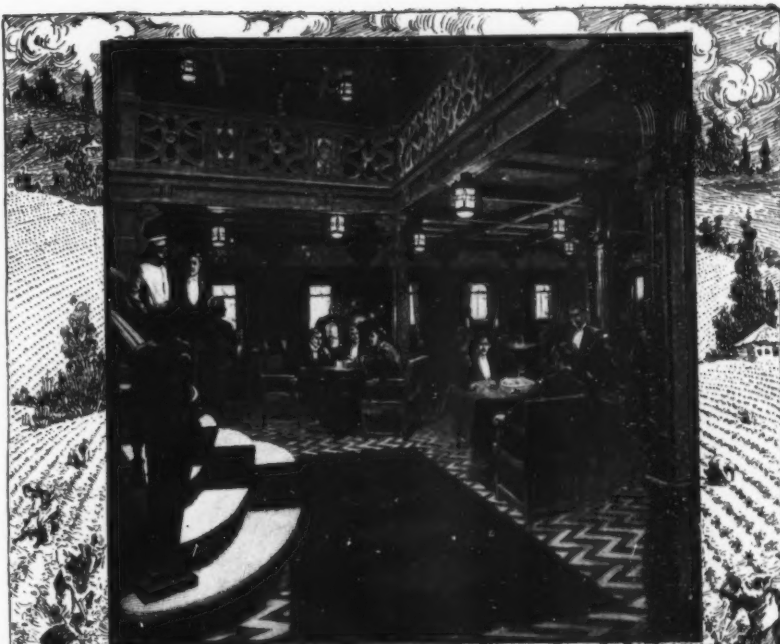
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED  
1793

WHATEVER may be thought of him as presidential timber, the opinion is pretty unanimous that Secretary Root is a cracking good advance agent of yankee commerce in Latin-American.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

## ROKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



THE friends they  
make they keep  
—that's the predominating characteristic of

## MURAD CIGARETTES

A Turkish Cigarette was never welcomed more eagerly, nor smoked more steadily. Their originality tempts; their richness satisfies.

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer

111 Fifth Avenue

New York

#### ATCHISON PECULIARITIES.

That tremendous fraud, paw paw, is appearing on market. A man who will eat a paw paw will fool his wife.

We hear frequently of the good looking Lukens boys. Not one of them is as good looking as his father. (Note.—We old people must stand together.)

There is one thing pretty sure: If a widower is left with little children, and the housekeeper isn't past eighty, she can marry him any time she will say the word.

When the pet kitten gets drowned in the cistern, ever notice that Father feels as bad as the women folks? But it is in a different way: Father has to pay to have the cistern cleaned out.

Place on a wall the finest painting in the world. Then place beside it a cheap chromo, and plenty of people will say the chromo is superior to the painting. And the man who prefers the chromo has a vote, and trade, and must be reckoned with; it will not do to say he is a fool. He may be a fool, but all the same he has a vote, and influence, and trade, and money. He must be fittered and told that his ideas about art are as good as anybody's.—*Atchison Globe*.

It is still only a step from civilization to savagery. If you don't think so listen to the average high school yell.—*Kansas City Journal*.

JIM HILL has sold part of the northwest to the United States Steel corporation, but he still holds a working majority of it.—*Chicago Daily News*.

A WOMAN can almost always learn something by calling on another woman, even if it is only how to keep her rubber plant alive.—*Somerville Journal*.

ADMIRAL DEWEY insists that we need a larger navy. The only thing for the admiral to do is to send it back and get a larger size.—*Detroit Free Press*.

# 50 YEARS

OF  
UNPRECEDENTED  
POPULARITY



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
Wm. L. Lahan & Son, Baltimore, Md.

## THE RAIN.

Hear the drip, drip, dropping  
Of the rain!  
Hear the splash, splash, plashing  
On the pane!  
And I sit here and I wonder  
Where in thunder,  
Where in thunder,  
Is the man who borrowed my umbrella?  
For he seemed a likely feller,  
And I lent it to him without hesitation,  
Tarnation!  
Now I want that same umbrella,  
And that likely-looking feller,  
Where is he?  
Where is he?  
Shall I ever, ever see him?  
I'm inclined to big-big-D him!  
How it's pouring!  
Hear the roaring  
Of the rain upon the roof!  
Woof!  
How the dripping trees all glisten!  
And I sit here and I listen,  
Yes, I listen  
To the splash, splash, plashing  
On the pane!  
To the drip, drip, dropping  
Of the rain!—*Somerville Journal.*

## THE BEST LINE

BETWEEN  
**Chicago**  
**Indianapolis**  
**Cincinnati**  
and **Louisville**  
IS THE

## MONON ROUTE

Consult Your Local Ticket Agent

## CONFECTIONERY.

He was given a kiss  
By the bakery maid.  
Ah! the coy, little Miss!  
He was given a kiss.  
Though he'd asked her for this  
He was fooled, I'm afraid.  
He was given a kiss  
By the bakery maid.  
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

MANY a man who thought he was getting in on the ground floor has discovered to his sorrow that there was a basement.—*Kansas City Journal.*

It is really very old-fashioned for Opportunity to knock at anybody's door when there is the electric bell right handy.—*Somerville Journal.*

A CLEVELAND wife is suing for divorce because her husband is always calling her on the 'phone. Usually it is the other way.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

"HOT and rebellious liquors in my blood I never would tolerate, but at my meals did feast on EVANS' ALE. Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly."

**GENTLEMEN**  
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE  
NEATNESS, AND COMFORT  
WEAR THE IMPROVED  
**BOSTON GARTER**  
THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD  
The Name is stamped on every loop—  
The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP  
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS  
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.  
GEO. FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.  
**ALWAYS EASY**

## SHE KNEW.

"Suppose the butcher," said the teacher, "asked twenty-five cents a pound for mutton chops, what would three pounds come to?"

"Well," replied Susie Wise, "they wouldn't come to our house. Mom would never pay that much for chops."  
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WHEN two ministers get lazy, they exchange pulpits, and each preaches an old sermon.—*Somerville Journal.*

## NOT REASSURING.

"Time flies; perhaps I've made my call Too long," he said. Said she: "Oh, no; it was n't long at all— It only seemed to be."  
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## EXTENSION TABLE.

YEAST.—When Adam and Eve had company, what did they do?  
CRIMSONBEAK.—Why, I suppose they added another leaf.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



From first course  
To last course  
**COOK'S**  
*Imperial*  
Champagne  
*Of course!*



## POKER PLEASANTRIES.

MR. PEEBLES.—Ah doan see nuffin in mah hand.  
MR. KINKY.—Whose hand *does* you expect to see somefin in?

The first thing in the morning, if you need a bracer should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

## KISSING TERRITORY.

PATIENCE.—There are over 70 miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.  
PATRICE.—What a place for a honeymoon trip, to be sure!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## UP TO THE BOSS.

"That beard-of yours," said the merchant, "is getting very long and ugly."  
"Yes, sir," replied Adam Upp, his bookkeeper; "I'd like to shave it off."  
"Well, why don't you?"  
"Well, you see, I made a vow some years ago, that I wouldn't shave until I get a raise in salary."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

## THE WOMAN'S WAY.

"Many a married man who might make a fortune is handicapped because his wife demands too much of his attention."  
"That's right. Just as soon as fortune begins to flirt with him his wife gets jealous."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## THERE'S A REASON.

BILL.—Why is it you never hear of a football umpire getting sluggish like the baseball umpire?  
JILL.—Because the football players are too busy slugging one another.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

EVERY woman can go into another woman's house and see just where it ought to be cleaned up.—*Somerv. Journal.*



## QUALITY UNEQUALED

EXCELLENCE  
UNSURPASSED

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW



LIQUEUR  
PÈRES CHARTREUX

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bijou & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.

THERE is no real reason for saying  
that a man is generous just because he  
is constantly giving himself away. —  
*Somerville Journal.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,  
22 34 and 36 Bleecker Street,  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

CONGRESSMAN LONGWORTH, who is  
whooping up the boys for reelection,  
says the issue is "Stick to Roosevelt!"  
Naturally Nick feels mighty loyal to his  
father-in-law. — *Atlanta Constitution.*

DIDN'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE.  
SHE.— My husband speaks eight different languages.  
HE.— How did you find that out? — *Yonkers Statesman.*



CHILLY.

"There doesn't seem to be sufficient atmosphere in the picture."  
"Perhaps not; but there is doubtless enough for the lady."

### ATCHISON PECULIARITIES.

If a music teacher will call her home "Mt. Hope Musical Academy," she  
will find that pupils will pay more for lessons.

It is a wonder that some women don't get so discouraged every time they  
take a good look at their husbands, that they can't go on.

The manner in which people follow a certain Atchison woman around doesn't  
indicate her popularity: She is so fat they follow her around to sit in her shade.

Men do one thing that women seldom do: Stand Around. Men will Stand  
Around on the streets for hours, but when a woman comes down town, she looks  
at things at the dry goods stores, or gets her teeth fixed, or tries on a dress.

A man may have the pleasure of paying for the piano, but it is never his  
after it is paid for. The piano always belongs to the oldest daughter, and when  
she marries she has the privilege of taking it with her if she is mean enough. —  
*Atchison Globe.*

## ★ ED. PINAUD'S ★

The longer you neglect the hair,  
the more trouble you will have  
some day coaxing it to grow. Be-  
gin now to use

ED. PINAUD'S  
(Eau de Quinine)  
HAIR TONIC

Send 10 cents (to pay for postage  
and packing) for a liberal sample.  
PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD  
Dept. 89, ED. PINAUD BLDG., NEW YORK

## ★ HAIR TONIC ★

"BUSTED."

He had an auto car,  
And he ran it with a vim;  
He "busted" many tires,  
'Til the tires "busted" him.  
— *Yonkers Statesman.*

JACK.— You say you feel perfectly  
sure that she is only flirting with me?  
TOM.— Perfectly.

JACK.— Hang the luck! Why, when  
I began I was only flirting with her. —  
*Somerville Journal.*

MARY KICK-A-HOLE-IN-THE-SKY has  
just married Mitchell Jasper. Mary  
ought to make an ideal, comic weekly  
wife for Mitchell, all right, all right. —  
*Buffalo Evening News.*

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-  
able polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keeper's Friend**  
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or  
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-  
gists and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW's proposal  
to enlarge the alphabet will strike the  
little ones who have to learn their let-  
ters as the reverse of simplification. —  
*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

"SAN FRANCISCO, THE CITY BEAUTIFUL"  
of the future. Past generations have sung  
the praises of the Queen of the Pacific and,  
through all the years, since the days of the  
Vigilantes to the present, men and women of  
the world over have read of the beauties of  
California and of the wonders of San Francisco  
in the OVERLAND MONTHLY, the west's repre-  
sentative magazine. The magazine survived  
earthquake and fire and has doubled its circula-  
tion, and may now be reckoned as one of the  
standard national magazines. All trains and  
news stands.

# Bunner's Short Stories

## SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of  
readers. — *Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

## MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style  
is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that  
quaint humor and originality. — *Detroit Free Press.*

## THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even  
from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.*

## MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, per-  
haps, but never roar because they are "awfully  
funny." — *Boston Times.*

## THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. — *Boston Times.*

Five Volumes in Paper, - \$2.50 or separately { Per Volume, in Paper, - \$0.50  
" " in Cloth, - 5.00 as follows: " " in Cloth, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers,  
or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address: PUCK,  
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York.



H. C. Bunner



IF THIS IS PROPER IN SUMMER,



THE PUCK PRESS

THEN WHY ISN'T THIS IN THE FALL AND WINTER?